

The Mountain Advocate.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN KNOX COUNTY

New Series: Vol. VI, No. 30

BARBOURVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1916,

\$1.00 per Year In Advance

TOMORROW AFTERNOON AT THREE O'CLOCK THE ADVOCATE CONTEST ENDS

**Candidates Should Not Lose Any Time--Votes Must
Be in the Ballot Box in the Contest Department
In Advocate Office by That Hour.**

**Delay of a Few Minutes May Cost You a Prize--Do
Your Best To-morrow or Forever Hold Your Peace.**

The following are the rules which will govern the close of the contest:

Contestants cannot be too careful about sending in their ballots so that they will reach the contest department before 3 p. m., Saturday, May 20th, and as a matter of precaution, everyone of them should read and weigh carefully each line of what we have to say.

We would dislike to see any candidate lose a single vote because of the excitement which is sure to occur during the last few hours of the campaign, or because of some misunderstanding on their part. It is impossible for you to exercise too much precaution in arriving at a full understanding of the rules and conditions governing the campaign.

First--All votes and remittances, no matter at what time mailed, must be at the office of the campaign department of The Advocate before 3 p. m., Saturday, May 20th. If not received at this hour they will be worthless and will not be counted.

Look over the above conditions carefully. Do not jump at the conclusion that you understand any particular one until you are absolutely sure of its full meaning. If the precaution of reading is taken there will be no vain regrets concerning the votes being rejected because they did not conform to the rules of the campaign.

If in doubt concerning any point ask questions until everything is clear.

Get your votes in the ballot box early Saturday, so you will not miss any of them. Do not lose any of them, for there will be no way of getting duplicates at this last period of game. Do not trust to slow mails, and especially during the busy season. A delay of a few hours in the mails

may lose a prize for you. Mail them in time to reach this office before 3 p. m. on Saturday.

Do not ask to have vote ballot issued on subscription without the names of the candidates for whom they are to be voted written thereon. The request cannot be complied with.

All votes must bear the name of the candidate before they leave this office. Scratched, torn or alternated coupons will be promptly discarded.

Often times a few votes will win or lose a prize, and it is small satisfaction for one to know what they have lost by putting off their final efforts until the last hour. Go out at once and do your wavering friends into line who promised you a subscription. If you put it off until the last hour they may be out of town or have changed their minds. Do it now.

The battle of the ballots will wax more furious as the end approaches, and every candidate is preparing for the struggle which must take place between now and 3 p. m., Saturday, May 20th. Indications point to a strenuous finish and many new subscribers will be added to our lists in the few hours still remaining. Claims and counter claims of contestants and their friends indicate that the outcome is everywhere in doubt and public interest will be at white heat.

ONLY A FEW HOURS LEFT.

But it will be all over in a short while, and tho it has been a warm race, the good feeling will be prevalent and everybody will be merry, and those who have worked the hardest will be the merriest of all.

THE LAST WORD.

This is final and positive--no vote will be received at this office after 3 o'clock Saturday after-

noon, May 20th. All votes and subscriptions coming in after that hour will be cast out. No favors will be shown to anyone in the campaign, so get your vote in early.

No information will be given out regarding the contestants and no information regarding reserves polled--to be credited after the close of the contest--will be given to anyone, so do not hesitate to bring your reserves as early as possible. No one save the Contest Manager and the judges will know until the announcement of the winners.

Do not forget that the votes in this campaign are not transferable and that every vote issued on subscriptions must have the name of the contestant written thereon.

This is not the standing but an alphabetical list of the contestants:

Amis, Cleo (Flat Lick)
Benjamin, Mrs. L. R.
Frederick, Chloe
Green, Mrs. Chas.
Harris, Sibyl
Hughes, Mary (Grays)
Mitchell, Elsie
McNeil, Margaret (Artemus)
Smith, Laura
Tye, Bonnie
Wilson, Jessie
Golden, Mrs. J. Lynn.

The following are to be the judges in the contest Saturday, at 3 o'clock p. m.: S. M. Perkins, Geo. Tinsley and J. A. McDermott.

A. M. Decker Heard From

We are in receipt of a copy of the Daily Christian Advocate, dated at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., May 13th, 1916. And in the roll call of the conference, Mr. Decker introduced a resolution which reads as follows: "A. M. Decker Kentucky Conference, advocated the change of the words 'Holy Catholic Church' in the Apostles Creed, making the reading 'The Universal Church' and the matter was referred with the revisions of the ritual to the board of bishops, with the request that this board give this question earnest consideration." We hope that Mr. Decker will be successful in this, his efforts to have this change made, and we are sure that if same is done that his name will go down in the future history of the world as a man worthy of the highest honors that could now or at any future period be conferred upon one who advocates such changes as are misleading, and have a meaning and significance different to that which it appears to have.

This word has no place in the ritual of the Methodist Church, while it is a good word and means "Universal" yet the word universal is no harder to speak, or write than the word "Catholic" and why not use the good old word "Universal" when it sounds so much better to a protestant. We say three cheers for A. M. Decker.

Auto Collision.

One day last week, Bige Bingham went to Cincinnati, and soon after he arrived he found that the streets there were a little more congested than those here and in his hurry he went head on with another fellow and as a result Bige is in the hospital in Cincinnati, and his man is also broken up and is laid up for repairs. The machine which was driven by Bingham was not hurt and Mr. J. E. Archer went to Cincinnati and drove it home, arriving Sunday night.

SAMPSON THE FRIEND OF LABOR

The Great Masses of Laboring Men of Seventh Appellate District Lining up for Him for Judge of Kentucky Court of Appeals.

There is scarcely a well informed laboring man in the whole 27 counties composing the Seventh Appellate District who does not know and recognize Judge Sampson as a friend of labor. The poor man has the same hearing and standing in his court as the great, rich and powerful. It does not matter how ragged or poorly-clad a man is, if he be honest and upright, he will be respected and recognized as the equal of the proud and rich in Judge Sampson's court. This has been demonstrated dozens of times in the Circuit Court over which Judge Sampson presides. If he is elected to the Appellate bench those who toil to earn their bread by the sweat of the brow will have a friend and sympathizer in that court. This has not always been true, in other courts, Corporations have put thousands of dollars into campaigns to elect judges in order that they may have protection, and the man that accepts such contributions does so with the distinct understanding that the corporation expects something in return, and this expectation has not always failed of fulfillment. The great and powerful have occupied the attention of the courts while the weak and humble citizen has been ignored and his rights trampled upon.

Judge Sampson in the dispatch of business in his court has tried hundreds of cases between the laboring man and the corporation, and a review of the records of his court will disclose that the weak and humble; crippled, lame and halt have received fair and just consideration and have made no complaint and have none to make.

He has established a rule in his court procedure, in close cases between the rich and the poor, of resolving all close questions of doubt in favor of the poor and weak instead of the rich and powerful, because, as he has often repeated, if a mistake be made against the poor man he has no money with which to pay the lawyers or to take an appeal to the higher courts and have the error corrected, but if the error be made in the Circuit Court against the rich and powerful these already have their lawyers employed and paid and they have the money with which to pay for transcripts of records and to have the error corrected if there be one. This is the humane side of it; the side that appeals to the heart and conscience of every right thinking man. And the laboring people and those who toil are well acquainted with the facts and know that Judge Sampson will give them a square deal and that their rights will be respected. When these facts are well understood, no one will doubt for a minute that Judge Sampson will have the solid support of the hundreds and thousands of men who work in the shops, coal mines, on the railroads, at the mills, and on the farms.

Bell County Roads.

From the report of the election held in Bell County last Saturday the 13th, it appears that all that has been done and said derogatory to the building of the pikes in that County has been knocked into a cocked hat and that the people of Bell County are determined to have good roads.

The vote stood about fifteen to one in favor of an additional road bond issue of \$150,000 to complete the roads. The people of that County should be complimented on this move, for the good roads are our only salvation in this neck o' the woods. At the rate things are moving it will not be long until we will have exhausted everything except our scenery, and as soon as the Dixie Highway is completed we will begin to realize that the only thing that has saved this part of the country is our natural scenery. Take the Cumberland River as it winds its way down from the lofty peaks of the Black Mountains, passing through the many falls and gorges, walled in by the many high peaks of the Pine Mountain, which it appears to have in time worn its way through on down to the beautiful broad and fertile valleys, which is bedecked with many little towns and hamlets, with its waters teeming with fish, and its mountain sides inhabited by the Quail, Pheasant, Squirrel, Rabbit, and all the song birds that make life to the wearied traveler give praise to the great God of the universe for making and blessing us with all this for the benefit of mankind. The tourist will feel after he shall have come and gone that this is indeed the equal of all the world for its splendid beauty of scenery. It is well to state that the Dixie Highway as laid out from Cumberland Gap to Crab Orchard is the old wilderness trail in so far as is practicable, and monuments have already been erected to mark the trail that Daniel Boone made when he came to the far-away west and settled up Kentucky.

Let Knox County follow suit, if we have not enough money judiciously to complete our part of this highway let us get busy and make arrangements to get it.

Subscribe for The Advocate--only \$1.00 per year.

UNION COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT

**Barbourville, Kentucky--May
20-23, 1916**

Saturday, May 20, 8:00 p. m. -- Primary and Intermediate Departments.

Sabbath, May 21, 11:00 a. m. -- Baccalaureate Sermon--Dr. C. W. Barnes.

Sabbath, May 21, 6:00 p. m. -- Vesper Service.

Monday, May 22, 3:00 p. m. -- Class Day.

Monday, May 22, 8:00 p. m. -- Concert and Recital.

Tuesday, May 23, 3:00 p. m. -- Community Reception and Art Exhibit.

Tuesday, May 23, 8:00 p. m. -- Commencement Exercises.

Class Address by Dr. C. W. Barnes.

Golf Links for Barbourville.

Last Sunday Mr. T. W. Minton, proprietor of the Hickory Mills here, exhibited to us a set of golf clubs made from hickory that was sent to the factory from this place.

Arrangements have been made to open up golf links here in the near future. Mr. Minton, the projector, is very enthusiastic over the matter, and he is sure that it will be a success. There is no doubt but that the hickory from which the handles of the sticks are made is of the very finest to be found, and is a great advertisement of our resources.

Mr. Minton has secured about 120 acres of land just on the outside of the City known as the "Tan Yard Hill" which he says is one of the best locations to be found anywhere; and that he now has a subscription that assures him that the matter will be a go and that improvements will start soon on the plot of land.

Receiver's Sale.

I will, on Monday, May 22, 1916, at the store house of Parker Mercantile Co., as receiver of the Parker Mercantile Company, sell all the fixtures of said store, consisting of shelving, show cases, cash register, safe &c. Terms: Same will be sold on a credit of three months, purchaser will be required to give bond bearing interest until paid.

B. P. Walker, Receiver.

J. M. ROBSION,
President.

ROBT. W. COLE,
Cashier.

"THE ROLL OF HONOR BANK"

**YOUR Deposits are secured by Honest,
Experienced and Careful Management**

ALSO BY

Nearly One-half Million of Money, Real Estate and Good Securities owned by the Bank

and

Stockholders worth more than \$1500,000.00

**WE HELP OUR PATRONS
WHEN THEY NEED HELP**

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Barbourville, Ky.

A ROLL OF HONOR BANK

Is one whose surplus is equal to its capital stock. "The Financier", a paper published in New York, gets from the Government the names of all banks whose surplus is equal to its capital, and publishes them as HONOR ROLL BANKS. Thus if a bank has a capital of \$15,000.00 and a surplus of \$15,000.00 it is an "Honor Roll Bank" just the same as a bank with a MILLION DOLLARS OF CAPITAL and a MILLION DOLLARS OF SURPLUS.

The National Bank of JOHN A. BLACK

**Capital Paid in Cash - \$30,000.00
Surplus More than - 32,000.00
Resources of Bank and its
Stockholders more than \$2,500,000.00**

**Open an Account with us. We Appreciate
your Business be it Large or Small.**

3 % Paid on Time Deposits.

W. R. LAY,
Acting President.

H. B. CLARK,
Cashier.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT
BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY

H. McDONALD, EDITOR
U. McDONALD, ASSOC. EDITOR

The Official Organ of the Republican
Party in Knox County.

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Ky., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

Patriotism And The War Dogs

We have many societies in these United States, some are for good others are for whatever it may gain by affiliation with that certain society or organization. The one thing that these United States needs above all others is patriotism. The spirit of patriotism should burn brightly upon the altar of every man's heart, no matter to what political party he may belong. The President of The United States is the President of all the people of the nation, no matter where they reside. The civil war is a thing of the past, the south had to submit not to the dictations of the north, but to the will of the people, they are now happy and content, yet they have not forgotten the cruel war, though our war was no worse than many others.

For thousands of years the human family have been acting precisely as they are now acting in Mexico and on the Continent of Europe. Nor is there any twenty years since the dawn of time that is comparable with the twenty years now closing, in the extent of territory covered by warring people, in the property destroyed, in wealth wasted, in the interests involved, in the lives sacrificed.

Within these same twenty years, every important nation in the world has been engaged in at least one war; and Russia, Great Britain, Japan and Turkey have been involved in two wars each.

At no time in the history of the human race has a greater degree of cruelty, brutality and vandalism been exhibited than now.

Can we then wisely, safely, sanely act upon the theory that the millennium has come, that all national selfishness has been eradicated, and that all the human beings that now people this earth have suddenly and all at once become angels and archangels?

Shall we not show a greater degree of prudence and more certainly advance the cause of civilization by preserving our own, than to go disarmed and so invite its complete destruction?

The lamp of national experience, which for thousands of years has always been kept lighted by ever-recurring wars, is the lamp by which our national pathway has yet been illuminated. Shall it now be snuffed out? Shall it be broken into fragments? Shall it be utterly forgotten until we are driven out of our fool's paradise by the sword of some people that would absorb our markets and rule over our land to satisfy their commercial greed or gratify their imperial power?

Battle-fields are always the footprints of history, and very often they have marked the progress of civilization.

But we will all hope for peace. We will all pray for peace. We will all work for international peace. And, if necessary, we will even fight for peace. In the meantime we will fervently invoke the Lord's Prayer in our international relations. "Our Father which art in Heaven hallowed be thy name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

But we have been invoking this prayer in our domestic affairs, and all the world has been invoking it in its affairs for two thousand years; and yet we all lock our doors at night and every well-regulated city has its police force and its criminal court. New York City alone has 11,000 policemen. A corresponding number of international policemen would give us a standing army of 200,000 soldiers.

Have we standards of justice, conceptions of equal opportunity and national ideas that should be preserved and handed down from generation to generation, then certainly we must take precautions which are necessary to protect and preserve them.

The only guarantee that the true significance of the Stars and Stripes, the rich heritage of three hundred years of American civilization, will persist and prevail throughout the ages to come, will be the ever-present consciousness throughout all the world, that behind the good-will of this nation, back of its messages of peace, stands a united spiritualized nation of intelligent freemen, who know their purposes and their rights, and will be ever ready if need be to advance and maintain them.

At the very time that Rome thought that she could accomplish anything through the sheer power of riches, she was rotting at the core, just because of the corrupting influences of these very riches.

The hot and not too scrupulous pursuit of the American dollar for its own sake, the inordinate greed seen on every hand, the complete satiety of physical desires and sensual pleasures, the disregard of human rights, the brutal use of corporate power, all combine to challenge the thoughtful student of history to analyze the causes that led to the degeneracy, decadence and death of the Roman nation.

Have we not in most recent times felt the overweening power, the oppression of wealth, the balancing of dollars, mere dollars and personal pleasure, against the priceless rights of men and women, citizens of this great nation, satisfied with the dishonorable, the contemptible, the ignoble conclusion that anything was better than war—as though such a comparison could be instituted at all and we maintain our self-respect or hold even the decent regard of a single nation in the world?

Have we not already, in very recent times, discredited the just and heroic defence of the rights and lives of American citizens which are in every way as sacred in any foreign land or anywhere upon the seven seas as right here upon our own soil or even under the dome of the Capitol at Washington itself?

Do we not seem to have already forgotten that John Paul Jones electrified every American heart when, in the defence of the rights of American citizens on the high seas, in the very grip of a death struggle, he gave the British commander his defiant answer: "I have not yet begun to fight."

Are there many, is there even one now living under our flag, who is capable of feeling the glorified thrill of those noble, those transfiguring impulses, that inspired Nathan Hale, with arms pinned and facing certain and immediate death, to utter those immortal words: "My only regret is that I have only one life to lose for my country."

The children in our public schools must be taught that our government is just; that our country is one of equal privilege; and that to every man of character and courage, and to the women, too, the door of opportunity is always swinging inward, inviting them to equal opportunities, equal advantages and equal responsibilities in all the affairs, commercial, civic and social, of our nation.

al life, let the American flag wave above every free school building in the United States, and let the Holy Bible be read therein.

The problems of human life expressed in nationality are vast, incomprehensible, fathomless. Nations, like families and like individual men, have been born, felt the throbbings of youth, courted the ambitions of mature life, gloried in their martial, material social and intellectual achievements, and then, becoming quiescent and decadent, have faded away and now only have a place in the dead past. Shall these events go on succeeding each other forever? If so, what new power shall resume authority over the decadent nation, or take its place and occupy in its stead the land that once boasted the rule of a mighty people?

Can it now be said that no future war will be waged in the interest of international peace? Can anyone now say that no future war will be waged in the interest of civilization itself? Such was the Spanish-American War.

Can the boundaries of every nation on the globe be now fixed for all eternity; or will fate decree change after change in the rise and fall of nations, precisely as the seasons follow each other and death succeeds life?

The great, the all-important problem, is to create and maintain a vital nationality, — a nationality founded upon mutual social well-being, intellectual energy and physical strength, a nationality inspired by moral courage and sanctified by a sense of equal justice. Anything short of these characteristics might better disappear than to prevail and persist, for these qualities constitute the exalted ideals and avowed purposes of our twentieth-century civilization and are essential to the advancement of the human race, let's be patriotic.

A national policy whose sole purpose is to serve the citizen, to increase his earning power, to enlarge his sphere of usefulness, to conserve his resources, to save him harmless as far as possible from the wastes and burdens of inefficient government, must arouse in him an intense interest in a government of his country.

Such a country would be our country, our country, a country worthy of love, devotion and sacrifice. Such love of country, such devotion and sacrifice, lead to a vital nationality.

Individual selfishness must be merged, must be sunk, must be literally lost, in the fellowship of the nation. The nation, the nation, let it be forever emblazoned across the face of the firmament in letters of living fire. The nation, the nation, the nation, will be the watchword of every loyal son of the Republic.

Exalted by such a purpose, ennobled by such an aspiration, inspired by such a love of country, our fathers, mothers and children of all the generations to come will be fit messengers to bear aloft the torch of ever-advancing civilization and to light the pathway of all the people of the earth.

Then let us hope in the coming time that equal opportunities will always greet all the children of this great Republic at the very threshold of life, and that the principle of cooperation will soon permeate all the business interest of the country; that the spirit of mutual welfare will soften and sweeten all of our relationships, and that all the judgments of our courts will be just.

From such conditions there must spring lofty ideals, a true and unalloyed love of country, a spirit of exalted patriotism, a willingness to sacrifice every material advantage, even life itself, for the perpetuity and glory of the nation; for a flag that typifies most in the upward and onward march of civilization, — the uplift and advancement of all mankind.

"Off with your hat as the flag goes by!
Uncover the youngster's head.
Teach him to hold it holy and high
For the sake of its sacred dead.

"Your flag and my flag, and how it flies today;
In your land and my land and half the world away;
Rose-red and blood-red its stripes forever gleam,
Snow-white and soul-white, the good forefathers' dream;
Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars that gleam aright;
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter thro' the night.
"Your flag and my flag, and oh, how much it holds!
Your land and my land secure within its folds;
Your heart and my heart beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed, the red and blue and white;
The one flag the great flag, the flag for me and you;
Glorified all else beneath, the red and white and blue."

Say You, Subscriber

If you are receiving the Advocate, you are a subscriber. If the paper comes and you have not subscribed, some friend of yours is sending it to you. If you have been getting the paper and it fails to come after this, think and see if your subscription has expired. If it has renew and let it come on, you need your county paper. We would send it to every man and woman in the county if we could afford it. We just will not.

DON'T DELAY

Some Barbourville People Have Learned That Neglect is Dangerous.

The slightest symptom of kidney trouble is far too serious to be overlooked. It's the small, neglected troubles that so often lead to serious kidney ailments. That pain in the "small" of your back; that urinary irregularity; those headaches and dizzy spells; that weak, weary, worn-out feeling, may be nature's warning of kidney weakness. Why risk your life by neglecting these symptoms? Reach the cause of the trouble while there yet is time—begin treating your kidneys at

once with a tried and proven kidney remedy. No need to experiment—Doan's Kidney Pills have been successfully used in thousands of cases of kidney trouble for over 50 years. Doan's Kidney Pills are used and recommended throughout the civilized world. Convincing testimony follows:

Mrs. R. J. Eddins, 527 N. Main St., Somerset, Ky., says: "I had pains in the small of my back and twinges when I stooped or lifted. My back ached at night and I was lame in the morning. I tired easily, was nervous and had headaches and dizzy spells. Doan's Kidney Pills soon relieved me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Eddins had. Foster-Milburn Co., Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bootlegger Escaped

Last week Chief of Police Catron went to arrest a "bootlegger" and had to resort to a little roughness, though not as rough as it might have been. Catron did not shoot to hit and it is well he did not as he is a good shot, but we want to caution the fellow who wants to sell whiskey had better let it alone you will get in bad.

Surveying The Roads

It is stated that it will take two months to complete the survey up Fighting Creek and across Paint Hill down Indian Creek as was suggested by the State Road Engineer. We are not engineers but we do know that it is taking too much time to do this little amount of work. If the present force is not sufficient to do this surveying why not get more help and get the thing going this year? At the rate we are going another winter will have come and gone and there will be nothing done towards the roads.

It looks as though we are up against a tough proposition, and that we will not have our roads for some time to come. It may be that in the year of 1918, we will have some chance to get something done.

CAN'T LOSE HAIR

Twenty Years from Today a Baldheaded Man will Be an Unusual Sight.

One of the most prominent druggists of America made a statement a few weeks ago which has caused a great deal of discussion among scientists in the medical press.

He said: "If the new hair grower, Mildredina Hair Remedy, increases its sales as it has during the past year, it will be used by nearly every man, woman and child in America within eight years."

"When Mildredina Hair Remedy is used almost universally, dandruff will disappear and with its departure baldness, itching scalp, splitting hair and all scalp diseases will follow and twenty years from now a bald head will be a rarity." Sample sent for 10c to pay postage. Mail orders filled by Mildred Louise Co., Boston, Mass.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Congress of the 11th Congressional District

We are authorized to announce
CALEB POWERS
Barbourville, Ky.,
as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress of the 11th Congressional District subject to the action of the voters in Primary Election to be held August 5, 1916.

For Judge of the Court of Appeals, 7th District

We are authorized to announce
FLEM D. SAMPSON
Barbourville, Ky.,
as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Judge of the Court of Appeals of the 7th Appellate District of Kentucky, subject to the action of the voters in Primary Election to be held August 5, 1916.

For Superintendent of Schools.

We are authorized to announce
E. B. HEMPHILL
of Barbourville,
as a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Schools of Knox County, subject to the action of the Republican Primary August 2nd, 1917.

For Jailer.

We are authorized to announce
CHARLES H. BOTNER
of Grays
as a candidate for the office of Jailer of Knox County, subject to the action of the Republican Primary, August 2nd, 1917.

We are authorized to announce
E. J. WYRICK,
of Barbourville, Ky.

As a candidate for the Republican Nomination for the office of Jailer of Knox County, subject to the action of the Republican Primary, to be held August 2, 1917.

CORRUGATED METAL SHINGLES

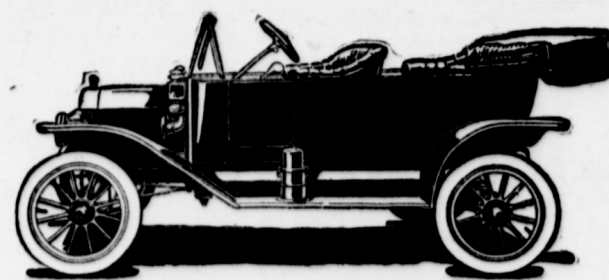
have solved our roof problem.
We are through with leaks and repairs and our house is improved in appearance!

THE STORMPROOF ROOF

For Sale by

J. H. BLACKBURN, Barbourville, Ky.

BUY A FORD



The price is low--the upkeep is low--best quality.

Runabout - \$390
Touring Car - 440

We have just received two car loads of these cars.

Barbourville Auto Company
Barbourville, Kentucky

The Lone Wolf

By
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

(Copyright, by Louis Joseph Vance)
CHAPTER XVI.

Confessional.

When the girl made no response, but remained with troubled gaze focused on some remote abstraction. "You will have to wait," Lanyard urged. She recalled her thoughts, nodded with the faintest of smiles—"Yes, thank you"—and dropped into a chair. He began at once to make talk in an effort to dissipate the constraint that stood between them like an unseen alien presence: "You must be very hungry."

"I am," she assented. "Sorry I've nothing better to offer you. I'd have run out for something more substantial, only—"

"Only—?" she prompted, coolly helping herself to biscuit and potted ham. "I didn't think it wise to leave you alone."

"Was that before or after you'd made up your mind about me—the latest phase, I mean?" she persisted with a trace of malice.

"Before," he returned calmly—"like-wise, afterward. Either way you care to take it, it wouldn't have been wise to leave you here. Suppose you had waked up to find me gone, yourself alone in this strange house—"

"I've been awake several hours," she interposed—"found myself locked in, and heard no sound to indicate that you were still here."

"I'm sorry; I was overtired and slept like a log. But assuming the case; you would have gone out alone, penniless—"

"Through a locked door, Mr. Lanyard?"

"I shouldn't have left it locked," he explained patiently. "You would have found yourself friendless and without resources in a city to which you are a stranger."

She nodded. "True. But what of that?"

"In desperation you might have been forced to return—"

"And report the outcome of my investigation!"

"Pressure might have been brought to bear upon you to induce admissions damaging to me," Lanyard submitted pleasantly. "Whether or no, you'd have been obliged to renew associations you're well rid of."

"You feel sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"How can you be?" she challenged. "You've yet to know me twenty-four hours."

"But perhaps I know the associations better. In point of fact, I do. Even though you may have stooped to play the spy last night, Miss Bannon—you couldn't keep it up. You ran away to escape further contamination from that pack of jackals."

"Not—you feel sure—merely to keep you under observation?"

"I do feel sure of that. I have your word for it."

The girl deliberately finished her tea and sat back, regarding him steadily beneath level brows. Then she said with an odd laugh: "You have your own way of putting one on honor!"

"I don't need to—with you."

She analyzed this with gathering perplexity. "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean I don't need to put you on your honor—because I'm sure of you. But even if I were not, still I'd refrain from exacting any pledge, or attempting to." He paused and shrugged before continuing. "If I thought you were still to be distrusted, Miss Bannon, I'd say: 'There's a free door; go when you like, back to the Pack, turn in your report, and let them act as they see fit.' Do you think I care for them? Do you imagine for one instant that I fear any one—or all—of that gang?"

"That rings suspiciously of egoism!"

"Let it," he retorted. "It's pride of caste, if you must know. I hold myself a grade better than such cattle; I've intelligence, at least. I can take care of myself!"

If he might read her countenance, it expressed more than any other else distress and disappointment.

"Why do you boast like this—to me?"

"Less through self-satisfaction than through contempt for a pack of murderous mongrels—impatience that I have to consider such creatures as Popinot, Wertheimer, De Morbihan, and all that crew!"

And Bannon? she corrected calmly—"you meant to say!"

"Well—" he stammered, disconcerted.

"It doesn't matter," she assured him. "I quite understand, and strange as it may sound, I've very little feeling in the matter." And then she acknowledged his stupefied stare with a weary little smile. "I know what I know," she affirmed with obscure significance.

"I'd give a good deal to know how much you know," he muttered in his confusion.

"But what do you know?" she caught him up—"against Mr. Bannon—against my father, that is—that makes you so ready to suspect both him and me?"

"Nothing," he confessed—"I know nothing; but I suspect everything and everybody. And the more I think of it, the more closely I examine that brutal business of last night, the more I seem to sense his will behind it all—as one might glimpse a face in darkness through a lighted lattice. Oh, laugh if you like! It sounds high-falootin'. I know. But that's the effect I get. What took you to my room, if not his orders? How comes he to run with De Morbihan, if he's not blood-kin to that breed? Why are you running away from him, if not because you've found out his part in that conspiracy?"

His pause and questioning look evoked no answer; the girl sat motionless and intent, meeting his gaze with a countenance inscrutable. And something in her impassive attitude worked a little exasperation into his temper.

"Why," he declared hotly—"if I dare trust to intuition—forgive me if I pain you—"

She interrupted with impatiently: "I've already begged you not to consider my feelings, Mr. Lanyard; if you dared trust to your intuition—then what?"

"Why, then I could believe that Mr. Bannon, your father—I could believe it was his order that killed poor Roddy!"

There could be no doubting her horrified and half-incredulous surprise. "Roddy?" she iterated in a whisper almost inaudible, with face fast blanching. "Roddy—"

"Inspector Roddy of Scotland Yard," he told her mercilessly, "was murdered in his sleep last night at Troyon's. The murderer broke into his room by way of mine—the two adjoin. He used my razor, wore my dressing-gown to protect his clothing, did everything he could think of to cast suspicion on me, and when I came in assaulted me, meaning to drug and leave me insensible, to be found by the police. Fortunately—I was beforehand with him. I left him in my place—drugged, insensible—when I stole away and met you there in the corridor. You didn't know?"

"How can you ask?" the girl moaned.

Bending forward, an elbow on the table, she gripped her hands together until their knuckles shone white through the skin—but not as white as the white face from which her eyes sought his with a look of dumb horror, dazed, pitiful, imploring.

"You're not deceiving me? But no—why should you?" she faltered. "But how terrible, how unspeakably awful!"

"I'm sorry," Lanyard mumbled. "I'd have held my tongue if I hadn't thought you knew—"

"You thought I knew—and didn't lift a finger to save the man?" She jumped up, with a blazing face. "Oh, how could you?"

"No—not that—I never thought that. But, meeting you then and there so opportunely—I couldn't ignore the coincidence; and when you admitted you were running away from your father, considering all the circumstances, I was surely justified in thinking it was realization, in part, at least, of what had happened that was driving you away."

She shook her head slowly, her indignation ebbing as fast as it had risen. "I understand," she said; "you had some excuse, but you were not right. I ran away—yes—but not because of that. I never dreamed—"

She fell silent, sitting with bowed head and twisting her hands together in a way he found it painful to watch.

"But please," he implored, "don't take it so much to heart, Miss Bannon. If you know nothing, you couldn't have prevented it."

"No," she said brokenly, "I could have done nothing if I had known. But I didn't. It isn't that—it's the horror and pity of it. And that you could think—"

"But I didn't!" he protested—"truly I did not. And for what I did think, for the injustice I did do you, believe me, I'm truly sorry."

"You were quite satisfied," she said. "Not only by the testimony of appearances, but to a degree, in fact. You must know—now I must tell you—"

"Nothing you don't wish to!" he interrupted quickly. "The fact that I practically kidnapped you under pretense of doing you a service, and suspected you of being a spy of that Pack, gives me no title to your confidence."

"Can I blame you for thinking what you did?" She went on slowly, with out looking up—gaze steadfast to her interlaced fingers: "Now, for my own sake, I want you to know what other-wise, perhaps, I shouldn't have told you—not yet, at all events. I'm no more Bannon's daughter than you're his son. Our names sound alike—people frequently make the same mistake. My name is Shannon—Lucy Shannon. Mr. Bannon called me Lucia because he knew I didn't like it and wanted to tease me; for the same reason he always kept up the pretense that I was his daughter when people mis understood."

"But—if that is so—then what?"

"Why—it's very simple. Still she didn't look up. "I'm a trained nurse. Mr. Bannon is consumptive—so far gone, it's a wonder he didn't die years ago—for months I've been haunted by the thought that it's only the evil in him keeps him alive. It wasn't long after I took the assignment to nurse him that I found out something about him. He'd had a hemorrhage at his desk, and while he lay in coma, and I waited for the doctor, I happened to notice and in part read one of the papers he'd been working over when he fell. And then, just as I began to appreciate the sort of man I was employed by, he came to, and saw—and knew."

"I found him watching me with those awful eyes of his, and though

he was unable to speak, I realized that my life wasn't safe if ever I breathed a word of what I had read. I would have left him then, but he was too cunning for me, and when in time I found a chance to escape—I was afraid, knew I'd not live long if ever I left him. He went about it deliberately to keep me frightened, and though he never mentioned the matter directly, let me know plainly, in a hundred ways, what his power was and what would happen if I told what I knew. It's nearly a year now—nearly a year of endless terror and—"

Her voice fell; she was trembling with the recrudescence of suffering of that year-long servitude. And for a little Lanyard felt too profoundly moved to trust himself to speak; he stood agast, staring down at this woman, so intrinsically and gently feminine, so strangely strong and courageous, and vaguely envisaging what anguish must have been hers in enforced association with a creature of Bannon's ruthless stamp, he was rent with compassion and swore to himself he'd stand by her and see her through and free and happy if he died for it—or ended in the Sante!

CHAPTER XVI.

Decision.

"Poor child!" he heard himself murmuring—"poor child!"

"Don't pity me!" she insisted, still with face averted. "I don't deserve it. If I had the spirit of a mouse I'd have defied him; it needed only courage enough to whisper one word to the police—"

"But who is he, then?" Lanyard demanded. "What is he, I mean?"

"I hardly know how to tell you. And I hardly dare. I feel as if these walls would betray me if I whispered even."



"Don't Pity Me!" She insisted.

But to me he's the incarnation of all things evil."

She shook herself with a nervous laugh.

"But why be silly about it? I don't really know what or who he is. I only suspect and believe that he is a man whose life is devoted to planning evil and ordering its execution through his lieutenants. When the papers at home speak of 'The Man Higher Up' they mean Archer Bannon, though they don't know it—or else I'm merely a hysterical woman exaggerating the impressions of a morbid imagination. And that's all I know of him that matters."

"But why, if you believe this—how did you at length find courage?"

"Because I had no more courage to endure; because I was more afraid to stay with him than to go—afraid lest my own soul be the forfeit. And then, last night, he ordered me to go to your room and search it for evidence that you were the Lone Wolf. It was the first time he'd ever asked anything of the sort of me. I was afraid, and obeyed; but I was glad when you interrupted me—glad even though I had to lie to you the way I did. And all that worked on me, after I'd gone back to my room, until I felt I could stand it no longer, and after a long time, when the house seemed all still, I got up, dressed quietly, and— That is how I came to meet you—quite by accident."

"But you seemed so frightened at first when you saw me—"

"I was," she confessed simply; "I thought you were Mr. Gregg's."

"Gregg's?"

"Mr. Bannon's private secretary—his right-hand man. He's about your height and has a suit like the one you wear, and in that poor light and at the distance I didn't notice you were clean-shaven—Gregg wears a mustache."

"Then it was Gregg's murdered Roddy and tried to drug me! I shaved off his mustache when I left him there to wait for the police. By George, I'd like to know whether they got there before Bannon or somebody else discovered the substitution. It was a telegram to the prefecture, you know. I sent from the Bourse last night!"

In his excitement Lanyard began to pace the floor, and now that he was no longer staring at her, the girl lifted her head and watched him closely as he moved to and fro, talking aloud—more to himself than to her.

"I wish I knew! And what a lucky thing you did me; for if you'd gone on to the Gare du Nord and waited there—well it isn't likely Bannon

didn't discover your flight before eight o'clock this morning, is it?"

"I'm afraid not."

"And they've drawn the deadline for me round every conceivable exit from Paris. Popinot's Apaches are picketed everywhere. And if Bannon had found out about you in time it would have needed only a word—"

He paused and shuddered to think what might have ensued had that word been spoken and the girl been caught waiting for her train in the Gare du Nord.

"Mercifully, we've escaped that. And now, with any sort of luck, Bannon ought to be busy enough, trying to get—or keep—his precious Mr. Gregg's out of the Sante, to give us a chance. And a fighting chance is all I ask."

"Mr. Lanyard"—the girl bent toward him across the table with a gesture of eager interest—"have you any idea why he—why Mr. Bannon hates you so?"

"But does he? I don't know!"

"If he doesn't, why does he connive in a plot to cast suspicion of murder on you? Why was he so anxious to know whether you were really the Lone Wolf? I saw his eyes light up when De Morbihan mentioned that name after dinner; and if ever I saw hatred in a man's face, it was in his as he watched you when you weren't looking."

"As far as I know, I never heard of him before," Lanyard said carelessly. "I fancy it was nothing more than the excitement of a man-hunt. Now that they've found me out, De Morbihan and his crew won't rest until they've got my scalp."

"But why is that?"

"Her brow contracted. "I don't understand. You want a fighting chance—to surrender—to give in to their demands?"

"In a way—yes. I want a fighting chance to do what I'd never in the world get them to believe I mean to do—chuck it all up and leave them a free field."

And then, when still she searched his face with puzzled eyes, he insisted: "I mean it; I want to get away—clear out—chuck the game for good and all!"

A little silence greeted this announcement. Lanyard, at pause near the table, resting a hand on it, bent to the girl's upturned face a grave but candid regard. And the depths of her eyes that never swerved from his were troubled strangely in his vision.

He could by no means account for the light he seemed to see therein—a light that kindled while he watched, like a tiny flame, feeble, fearful, vacillating; then, as the moments passed, steadied and grew stronger, but ever leaped and danced, so that he, lost in wonder of it and forgetful of himself, thought of it as the ardent face of a happy child dancing in the depths of some brown autumnal woodland.

"You," she breathed incredulously—"you mean you're going to stop?"

"I have stopped, Miss Shannon. The Lone Wolf has prowled for the last time. I didn't know it till just now—when I woke up an hour or so ago—but I've turned my last job."

"But why?" she demanded in bewilderment. "But why do you say that? What can have happened to make you—"

"Not fear of that Pack!" he laughed—"not that, I promise you. If I thought Paris too small for them and me I'd never leave it alive!"

"Oh, I know!" she said impatiently—"I know that very well. But still I don't understand."

"If it won't bore you, I'll try to explain." He drew up his chair and sat down again, facing her across the littered table. "I don't suppose you've ever stopped to consider what an essentially stupid animal a crook must be. Most of them are stupid because they practice clumsily one of the most difficult professions imaginable, and inevitably fail at it, yet persist. They wouldn't think of undertaking a difficult piece of engineering without any sort of preparation, but they'll tackle a dangerous proposition in burglary without a thought and pay for failure with years of imprisonment, and once out, try it again. That's one kind of criminal—the ninety-nine per cent class—incurably stupid!"

"There's another class, men whose imaginations forewarn them of dangers and whose mental training, technical equipment, and sheer manual dexterity enable them to attack a formidable proposition like a modern safe—by way of illustration—and force its secret. They're the successful criminals, like myself—but they're no less stupid, no less failures than the other ninety-nine in our every hundred, because they never stop to think. It never occurs to them that the same intelligence, applied to any one of the trades they must be masters of, would not only pay them better, but leave them their self-respect and rid them forever of the haunting dread of arrest that dogs us all like the memory of some shameful act. All of which is over my head, or a lecture than I meant to inflict upon you, Miss Shannon, and sum up to just this: I've stopped to think."

With this he stopped for breath as well and momentarily was silent, his taint, twisted smile testifying to self-

consciousness; but presently, seeing that she didn't offer to interrupt, but continued to give him her attention so exclusively that it had the effect of fascination he stumbled on, at first less confidently.

"When I woke up just now it was as if, without my will, I had been thinking all this out in my sleep. I saw myself for the first time clearly, as I have been ever since I can remember—a crook, thoughtless, vain, rapacious, ruthless, stalking in shadows and thinking myself an amazingly fine fellow—"

"Between coups, I would play the gentleman a bit, venture into the light and swagger in the haunts of the respectable. In my poor, perverted brain I believed there was something fine and thrilling and romantic in the career of a great criminal and myself a wonderful figure—an enemy of society—potentially as deadly as a rattlesnake, always ready to kill—if I never did!"

"Why do you say this to me?" she demanded abruptly out of a phase of profound thoughtfulness.

He lifted an apologetic shoulder and laughed with a sheepish air.

"Because, I presume, I'm no longer self-sufficient. I was all of that twenty-four hours ago, but now I'm as lone-some as a lost child in a dark forest. I haven't a friend in the world. I'm like a stray pup, groveling for sympathy. And you—are you—"

"Enough to be the only person I can declare myself to. It's going to be a fight—I know that too well—and without something outside myself to struggle toward I'll be heavily handicapped. But if"—he faltered, with a look of wistful earnestness—"if I thought that, that I had won your faith and had that to respect and cherish—if I dared hope that you'd be glad to know I had won out against odds—it would mean a great deal to me; it might mean my salvation!"

Watching her narrowly, hanging upon her decision with the anxiety of a man proscribed and hoping against hope for pardon, he saw her eyes cloud and shift from his, her lips parted but hesitant, and before she could speak he hastily interposed:

"Please don't say anything yet. First let me demonstrate my sincerity. So far I've done nothing to persuade you but—talk and talk and talk! But give me half a chance to prove I mean what I say."

"How"—she enunciated only with visible effort and no longer met his appeal with an open countenance—"how can you do that?"

"In the long run, by establishing myself in some honest way of life, however modest; but now, and principally, by making reparation for at least one crime I've committed that's not irreparable."

He caught her quick glance of inquiry and met it with a confident nod as he placed between them the morocobound jewel case.

"In London, yesterday," he said quietly, "I brought off two big coups. One was deliberate, the other the inspiration of a moment. The one I'd planned for months was the theft of the Omber jewels—here."

He tapped the case, then resumed in the same manner: "The other—needs a diagram. Not long ago a Frenchman named Huysman, living in Tours, was mysteriously murdered—a poor inventor, who had starved himself to perfect a stabilizer, an attachment for aeroplanes which renders them practically fool-proof. His final trials had created a sensation, and he was on the eve of selling his invention to the government when he was killed and his plans stolen."

"Circumstantial evidence pointed to an international spy named Ekstrom—Adolph Ekstrom, once chief of the aviation corps of the German army, cashiered for general blackguardism—with a suspicion of treason to boot. However, Ekstrom kept under cover, and presently the plans turned up in the German war office. That was a big thing for Germany; already supreme with her dirigibles, the acquisition of the Huysman stabilizer promised her ten years' lead over the world in the field of aeroplanes."

"Now, yesterday, Ekstrom came to the surface in London with those self-same plans to sell to England. Chance threw him my way, and he mistook me for the man he'd expected to meet—Downing street's secret agent. Well—no matter how—I got the plans from him and brought them over with me, meaning to turn them over to France, to whom, by rights, they belong."

"Without consideration?" the girl inquired shrewdly.

"Not exactly. I had meant to make no profit of the affair—I'm a bit squeamish about tainted money—but under present conditions, if France insists on rewarding me with safe conduct out of the country, I shan't refuse it. Do you approve?"

She nodded earnestly. "It would be worse than criminal to return them to Ekstrom."

"That's my view of the matter."

"But these?" The girl rested her hand upon the jewel case.

"Those go back to Mme. Omber. She has a home here in Paris that I know well. In fact, the sole reason why I didn't steal them here was that she left for England unexpectedly. Just as I was all set to strike. Now I purpose to use my knowledge of her house to restore the jewels without risk of falling into the hands of the police. That will be an easy matter. And that brings me to the one great favor I would beg of you."

She gave him a look so unexpected and kind that it staggered him. But he had himself well in hand.

"You can't leave Paris now before morning—thanks to my having overslept," he continued. "There's no hon-

est way I know to raise money before morning opens the pawnshops. But I'm hoping that won't be necessary; I'm trusting I can arrange matters for us without going to that extreme. Meanwhile—you agree that these jewels must be returned?"

"Of course," she affirmed gently.

"Then—will you accompany me when I replace them? There won't be the slightest danger. I promise you that. Indeed, it would be more hazardous for you to wait for me elsewhere while I attended to the matter alone. And I'd like you to be convinced of my sincerity."

"Don't you think you can trust me for that as well?" she asked with a flash of humor.

"Trust you!"

"To believe, Mr. Lanyard," she told him earnestly, "I do believe!"

"You make me very happy," he said—"But I'd like you to see for yourself. And I'd be glad not to have to fret about your safety in my absence. As a bureau of espionage, Popinot's brigade of Apaches are without a peer in Europe. I'm positively afraid to leave you alone."

She was silent.

"Will you come with me, Miss Shannon?"

"That is your sole reason for asking this of me?" she insisted, eyeing him steadily.

"That I wish you to believe in me—yes."

"Why?" she pursued, inexorable. "Because—I've already told you."

"That you want someone's good opinion to cherish. But why, of all people, me—whom you hardly know of whom what little you do know is hardly reassuring?"

He colored, and boggled his answer. "I can't tell you," he admitted in the end.

"Why can't you tell me?"

He stared at her miserably. "I've no right. In spite of all I've said, in spite of the faith you so generously promise me, in your eyes I must still figure as a thief, a liar, an impostor—self-confessed. Men aren't remade by mere protestations, nor even by their own efforts, in an hour, or a day, or a week. But give me a year, if I can live a year in honesty, and earn my bread, and so prove my strength—then, perhaps, I might find the courage, the effrontery to tell you why I want your good opinion. Now I've said far more than I meant or had any right to. I hope," he ventured pleadingly, "you're not offended."

Only an instant longer could she maintain her direct and unflinching look. Then his meaning would no more be ignored. Her lashes fell, a tide of crimson flooded her face, and with a quick movement, pushing her chair a little from the table, she turned away from him. But she said nothing.

He remained as he had been, bending eagerly toward her.

And in the long minute that elapsed before either spoke again, both became oddly conscious of the silence brooding in that lonely little house, of their isolation from the world, of their common peril and mutual dependence.

"I'm afraid," Lanyard said after a time—"I'm afraid I know what you must be thinking. One can't do your intelligence the injustice to imagine you haven't understood me—read all that was in my mind and"—his voice fell—"in my heart. I own that I was wrong to speak so transparently, to suggest my regard for you at such a time, under such conditions. I am truly sorry, and beg you to consider unsaid all that I should not have said. After all, what earthly difference can it make to you if one thief more decides suddenly to reform?"

That brought her abruptly to her feet, showing him a face of glowing loveliness, with eyes distractingly dimmed and softened.

"No!" she implored breathlessly. "Please, you mustn't spoil it! You've paid me the finest of compliments, and one I'm glad and grateful for—and would I might think I deserved! You say you need a year to prove yourself? Then—I've no right to say this—and you must please not ask me what I mean—then I grant you that year. A year I shall wait to hear from you from the day we part, here in Paris. And tonight I will go with you, too, and gladly, since you wish me to!"

And then as he, having risen, stood at loss, thrilled and incredulous, with a brave and generous gesture she offered him her hand, across the table whereon still rested the spoils of his final coup.

"Mr. Lanyard, I promise."

To every woman, even the least lovely, her hour of beauty—it had not entered Lanyard's mind to think this woman beautiful until that moment. Of her exotic charm, of the allure of her pensive, wistful prettiness, he had been well aware, even as he had been unable to deny to himself that he was all for her, that he loved her with all the strength that was his; but not till now had he understood that she was the one woman whose love-making to him would dim the beauty of all other women.

And for a little, while he held her hand tremulous upon his finger-tips as though he feared to bruise it with ruder contact, he could not take his eyes from her.

Then reverently he bowed his head and touched his lips to that hand, and felt it snatched swiftly away, and backed, agast, the idyl round him, the castle of his dream, crumbling in thunders round his ears.

In the studio skylight overhead a pane of glass had fallen in with a clattering crash as ominous as the flap of doom.

(Continued Next Week)

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COMMISSIONER'S SALE

By order of the Knox Circuit Court rendered at its January term 1916 in the case of Clara E. Cottongin,

Plff.
vs.
W. H. VanDeren & Jas. T. Black &c Defts.,
vs.
W. H. VanDeren & Henry Childres Defts.,
vs.
W. H. VanDeren &c Defts.

I will, as Master Commissioner on the 22nd day of May, 1916, same being the first day of the regular term of the Knox County Court, sell at the Court House door in Barbourville, Ky., to the highest and best bidder, the following described property, to satisfy the judgment in said case amounting to \$2000, with interest from Sept. 1, 1915, and \$45.00 probable cost.

Description:
Tract of land and house in the city of Barbourville, Ky., on Pine street, which said tract is bounded and described as follows:

Beginning on the south-west corner of a lot formerly owned by N. A. Chamberlain, now owned by Nettie Perkins; thence with the line of same n 35 w 360 feet to the corner of said lot across the swamp; thence s 24 w 60 feet to north-east corner to a lot formerly owned by R. W. Cole, now owned by J. W. and Sarah Hughes; thence with the line between said lot s 35 e 360 feet to Pine street; thence along said street 60 feet to the beginning. And being the same property conveyed to the said Clara E. Cottongin by W. R. Lay and wife by deed dated Jan. 21, 1913.

And also the following property: one gas heater, two pair curtains, one dining table, two pair one side table, one china closet, one chiffrone, one parlor suit, three pieces, one library table, one dresser, three rockers.

Said property will be sold on a credit of six months, and the personal property on a credit of three months, the purchaser to execute bond with approved security, bearing interest at six per cent from date, having the force and effect of a judgment and retaining a lien on said property until the purchase money is paid.

Witness my hand, this the 2nd day of May, 1916.

Sol T. Steele, Master Commissioner, Knox Circuit Court.

Sale about 1 p. m. Purchaser must execute bond as soon as sale is over, or the property will be immediately put up and resold.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE

By order of the Knox Circuit Court rendered at its January term 1916 in the case of Inter-Southern Life Insurance Co.,

Plaintiff
vs.
Parker Mercantile Co., Deft.

I will, as Master Commissioner on the 22nd day of May, 1916, same being the first day of the May term of the Knox County Court, sell at the Court House door in Barbourville, Ky., to the highest and best bidder, the following described property, to satisfy the judgment in said case amounting to \$7000, with interest from June 1st 1914, and \$200.00 probable cost.

Description:
A certain property and real estate in the city of Barbourville Ky., described and bounded as follows: Beginning at the intersection of Knox and Walnut streets at the southwest corner thereof; thence with the west side of Walnut street a south course 70 feet to J. O. Gibson's line; thence a west course with the said J. O. Gibson's line 50 feet 7 inches to L. C. Miller's line, now Sallie Hoskins line; thence with said Miller's line, now Sallie Hoskins line a north-east course 70 feet to Knox street thence with Knox street 50 feet 7 inches to the beginning. And it is the three story brick building in which the Parker Mercantile Co. formerly carried on her business.

Said property will be sold on a credit of six months, the purchaser to execute bond with approved security, bearing interest at six per cent from date, having the force and effect of a judgment and retaining a lien on said property until the purchase money is paid.

Witness my hand, this the 20, day of April, 1915.

Sol T. Steele, Master Commissioner, Knox Circuit Court.

Sale about 1 p. m. Purchaser must execute bond as soon as sale is over, or the property will be immediately put up and resold.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of execution No. 3858, directed to me, which is issued from the Clerk's office of the Knox Circuit Court, in favor of the UNION GAS AND ELECTRIC CO., -VS- J. H. WILSON, I, or one of my deputies, will, on Monday, May 22, 1916, between the hours of 11:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m., at the courthouse door in the city of Barbourville, Knox county, Kentucky, expose to public sale, to the highest bidder, the following described property, for so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy plaintiff's debt, interest and cost) to-wit:

A tract of land near Flat Lick, Ky., known to be the land of J. H. Wilson, and bounded on the north by the lands of Noah Smith, on the east by the lands of John Arthur and James Renfro, on the south by the lands of J. J. Pursiful and John Arthur and on the west by the lands of Sam Jackson.

Levied upon as the property of J. H. Wilson.

Sale will be made on a credit of six months, bond with approved surety required, bearing interest from date, and have the force and effect of a replevin bond.

May 4, 1916.
S. L. LEWIS,
Sheriff Knox Co.

Prices Advanced

Owing to an advance on all grades of paper, running from 60 per cent to more than 200 per cent between January 1 to April May 1, 1916, we are compelled to advance our prices on all printing sufficiently to take care of the increased cost of stock used. This is all the more necessary, considering the low prices we have always charged.

We trust our trade will appreciate the position we are in, and rest assured they will be taken care of as well as the market conditions will permit.

W. H. McDONALD, Editor The Mountain Advocate.

W. S. HUDSON, Barbourville Printing Co.

M. E. Church.

Sunday
9:45 A. M. Sunday School.
10:45 Preaching.
6:15 P. M. Epworth League.
7:00 Preaching.
Thursday
7:00 P. M. Prayer Meeting.
2:30 P. M. First Thursday each month Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.
Friday
2:00 P. M. First and third Fridays each month Ladies Aid Society. Everybody welcome to these services.
C. A. Bromley, Pastor.

A Fine Remedy for Biliousness and Constipation

People all through this section are buying LIV-VER-LAX because it is a preparation of real merit. It is a vegetable remedy that acts naturally and effectively thoroughly cleaning the liver and bowels. It is easy to take and has none of the dangers and bad after effects of calomel. LIV-VER-LAX will get you right, keeps you right and save you doctor's bills. Sold in 50c and \$1 bottles under an absolute guarantee. Every bottle bears the likeness of L. K. Grigsby. For sale by all druggists.



FOR GOOD, CLEAN GROCERIES and FRESH MEATS PHONE 204

Quick auto deliveries will be made as follows:

MORNING	AFTERNOON
8:30 and 10:30	2:15 and 4:45

We handle all high grade, pure food products
RICHELIEU BRAND GROCERIES, HEINZ and BEACH NUT PURE FOOD PRODUCTS.

The Best Fresh & Cured Meats and Fruits.

Our auto bus meets all trains, leaving Square 15 minutes before train time. For excursion parties or to meet trains phone 204.

PERKINS & COMPANY

WILLARD HOTEL

Jefferson & Center Sts.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Old Reliable Hotel of Louisville.
American and European Plans.
Newly overhauled. Telephone and running water in every room.

Home Comfort.
Courteous attention to all Guests.
Out in the State people will find a Good Home at the WILLARD, at reasonable rates.

American Plan, \$2.00 and \$2.50 without bath, \$3.00 with Bath. European Plan, \$1.00 without Bath, \$1.50 with Bath. Single Meals, 50c.

IT'S JUST LIKE STAYING AT HOME
That's what they all say about the WILLARD
D. R. LINDSAY, Mgr. A. A. WEBB, Asst., Mgr.

STOP AT THE GALT HOUSE WHEN IN LOUISVILLE

European Plan

Good Rooms for \$1 Per Day

Fine Dining Room with Excellent Service and Low Prices. Free Auto-Bus Meets Trains. Turkish and Electric Baths.

WRITE FOR RESERVATIONS

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure
No Alum—No Phosphate

Local Briefs

Teachers examination today, several in attendance.

J. W. Wilson is building a new residence on Pine St.

James Morris continues to haul big logs through town.

Mayor Wilson will start to have the streets cleaned next week.

Mike Engle of Grays is here looking over the game.

Jeff Moore came home Wednesday from a trip to Jellico.

Miss Carrie Davis spent Tuesday night in Barbourville.

T. J. Vermillion and son Evert went to Frankfort Tuesday.

B. E. Parker will soon have his new brick house ready for occupancy.

F. W. Golden who is representing the Louisville Grocery Co. came home Thursday.

Rathfon Scent & Co., who have the only planing mill in the city keeps busy.

W. H. Green who represents Arbuckle Brothers Coffee Co., is trying it out in his automobile this week.

T. W. Minton and Son are receiving some of the finest hickory timber ever brought out of the woods.

Mr. A. A. Evans of Louisville, prominent in tobacco circles, is a guest this week of his sister, Mrs. C. A. Bromley.

Mrs. D. W. Scafe and daughter of LaFollette Tenn., are visiting their friends here this week.

Smith Riley & Co. have sold their Hardware and Grocery department to J. S. Rasnick & Co.

Mrs. R. P. Black was in Pineville Monday and Tuesday attending the commencement of the High schools.

Misses Sallie Hoskins, Laura Hays, Nannie Jones and Mr. M. A. Gardner spent the day at the Dismal Springs last Sunday.

J. A. McDermott was in Irvin this week. Mack is out for another oil boom in Knox County and he will come in ten cents of getting it.

FOUND—One five dollar bill in A. W. Hopper's store. Owner please call and describe and receive same, and pay for this notice.

FOR SALE—Handsome residence in Mt. Sterling, Ky., plot 1:1-5 acres. For terms and further particulars address:

O. S. Bigstaff,
4-28 4t. Mt. Sterling, Ky.

D. W. Bromley of the Blue Grass, fater of Dr. C. A. Bromley, pastor of the First M. E. Church is paying a visit to his children and grand children and greatly enjoying the scenery of the hill country around Barbourville.

FOR SALE—I have for sale 2 Store Houses, 3 Dwelling Houses and one half interest in a 5:1-2 acre tract of land. Also 1 corn crusher and a slot machine; will take coal or timbered land in exchange. Call on or address J. H. Slusher, Flat Lick, Ky.

Col. Chas. W. Thatcher, founder of the Washington Highway, who spoke to a large crowd at the Court House Thursday night will speak here again next Monday. Col. Thatcher is an engineer of nation wide fame and a good talker, so let everybody turn out and help boost the good roads.

The Musical Department of the Barbourville Baptist Institute, on Wednesday evening last May, 10th, introduced Miss Myria Burnside Amis with her graduation recital which was beautifully rendered. She was assisted by two vocal students, Miss Beatrice Croley and Miss Roberta Cole, with Mr. Joe Stansberry at the clarinet. Miss Amis has finished the academic course in pianoforte, and is a very refined and talented young lady.

Tomorrow will end the Automobile contest, the machine is ready for delivery.

Mr. John Woodward, traveling salesman and newspaper magnet, was here for a few hours Thursday.

Messrs. J. M. Robson and R. N. Jarvis were in Corbin Wednesday. They drove down in Robson's big machine.

Judge Sampson was here last Saturday and Sunday. He will speak in London next Monday. It is the first day of Circuit Court there.

J. W. Croley will soon move into his new bungalow in the Black addition. It is a very pretty home and adds much to that end of town.

Fred W. Hemphill has accepted a position with the United Fruit Company and will leave for Bocas del Torro, Panama, about the first of next month.

Now is the time to get your postage stamps. Mr. Amis is closing them out at cost to make room for his summer stock, better hurry before they are all gone.

Miss Mary E. Lewis of Louisville one of Jefferson Counties best school teachers is visiting for a few weeks her uncle and aunt Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Bromley.

Mr. John E. Golden, who has been very sick for several weeks, is at Dishman Springs trying to recuperate. He has been there for several days and it is thought that he is improving slowly.

FOR SALE—I have 4 good mules, 2 good horses and 1 Jersey cow which I desire to sell at once, for cash or bankable notes. You must come quick; I mean to sell at once.

T. J. Vermillion,
Barbourville, Ky.

Monday Prof. and Mrs. Kenyon, Al Sims, and Maude Bradley, Petty Franklin and Miss Abbey, George Thomas and Fay Swarner, spent the day out to Cumberland Gap while there Al Sims as usual was nosing around to see what he could find and brought back with him some minnie tails, and some grape and canister that was used in the battle between the Confederates and the Federals in the late war.

Bankers Meeting

The bankers of the eighth and eleventh districts will meet here next Friday, and everyone should take part in these meetings. Barbourville has not as much as some people to show them but above all things lets turn out and show them that we certainly do appreciate their coming to this city. While we are on the committee, yet we have not had the opportunity to meet with this committee but we are sure that it will be a success.

The meeting will be held in the Star Theater, and a banquet will be given at the dining hall at the Union College, at 8 o'clock P. M.



Don't Drink "Stored" Water!

from a tank that is bound to get foul, when it costs but 5c a thousand gallons for pure water direct from well with the

Milwaukee Air Power Water System

The pump goes direct into well and supplies constant never-failing pressure. Just like drawing water from a bubbling spring. For hard and soft water. No better farm fire protection known.

Free Catalog upon for the asking. Will you call for it, or shall we mail it to you? Let us know now.

DEALER'S NAME

Henry H. Walker,
Barbourville, Kentucky.

Everything is still going up but labor, wonder what the poor devil will do?

THOUSANDS GAIN GREAT BENEFITS

Object Lesson Gained by Trials Always Repays for Hardships.

Experience is hard task-master. Oftentimes we pay dearly for experience, but if even one great object is accomplished, experience pays.

If the experience of war-ridden Europe will eventually establish real peace, the price of war will not have been too great.

In the smaller planes of life each individual has some costly experience, only to learn some great object lesson. Disease often wastes years of some people's lives. They suffer years of agony and torture, only to be relieved by some remedy or treatment. Although they have paid dearly to secure this information, if they can relieve the sufferings of their fellows their experience has not been in vain.

These facts are being demonstrated every day. On one side we hear of a woman who, after suffering untold agonies from stomach trouble for fifteen years, is relieved by Tanlac, the new reconstructive, while from another source a prominent merchant testifies that after spending hundreds of dollars for medicines to relieve a severe case of chronic catarrh, he was benefited immediately by Tanlac. They have paid dearly to accomplish that object. Others who hear of their experiences, and how they gained relief, will profit, however.

Thousands of men and women in all walks of life are daily acknowledging the benefits they have derived from Tanlac in cases of catarrhal affections of the mucous membranes, stomach, liver and kidney troubles. They feel that they should come forward publicly and tell their experiences with the spirit of helping some unfortunate who suffers as they did.

Tanlac has been found ideal in combating that tired, listless feeling that is only the forerunner of more serious complications. As a general tonic for half-sick, run-down men and women, it builds up the tissues, creates a keen appetite, promotes indigestion, vitalizes the blood and brings back color to the cheeks and sparkle to the eyes.

Tanlac, the great reconstructive tonic, is being especially introduced in Barbourville at Herndon Drug Co., where the Tanlac Man explains its merits and the results that may be expected from its use.

Tanlac may be obtained in the following nearby towns, Elys, New Hughes-Jellico Coal Co; Braden, Trooper Coal Co; Artemus, L. T. Helton & Co; Wilton, Jellico Coal Co; Gray, C. B. Donaldson & S. E. Owens & Co; Corbin, Archers Pharmacy; Pineville, Chas. Gragg; Shamrock, Climax Coal Co; Middlesboro, Frank L. Lee; Gatlin, Gatlin Coal Co; Williamsburg, E. E. Nelson, Dry Hill, E. Nolan.

Chautauqua

The Civic League of the city have arranged to have one of the best and interesting weeks entertainments ever given in Barbourville, about the middle of June. The speakers will be W. J. Bryan, Oscar Underwood and many other noted speakers. Everyone should encourage these good women it is for the upbuilding of the city, and besides it will be a treat to hear all that will be said. We will give the matter in detail next issue.

For Rent

A modern six roomed cottage, in Barbourville with bath, and toilet, Electric and Gas lights, gas stoves, large garden, at a reasonable price. Call upon or address J. M. Robson, or R. N. Jarvis, Barbourville, Kentucky.

Artemus News

The Artemus base ball club crossed bats with Bennettsville last Saturday May 13, and won the game, with a score of 12 to 3. The line-up of Artemus was as follows: James Dickson, pitcher; T. H. Hayden Jr., catcher; W. M. Dickson, first base; J. E. Perkey, second base; C. W. Jones, third base; W. W. Lawson, short stop; W. M. Hopper, center field; A. A. Rice, left field. A. B. Fortney, right field.

Bill Dickson, the famous slugger, got his home run and three, three batters during the game last Saturday. And James Dickson pitched a wonderful game, making the Bennettsville boys lay down their timber.

Artemus will cross bats with Barbourville next Saturday at the Knox County fair ground, if nothing interferes.

Mr. and Mrs. Krinn, who has been visiting Mrs. Krinn's father at Girdler, and C. W. Jones here for the past two weeks left last Sunday for their home in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The singing school here is progressing with greatest of interest and is ready to sing their new songs in the churches.

James Black, an L&N section man, on May the 9, while the crew was running the lever car unfortunately fell off the car and struck a tie and broke his clavical bone and Mr. Black is in a serious condition.

The ball team thanks T. H. Hayden, Gen. Mgr. C. R. R. and J. C. McNeil, chief clerk of C.R. for holding their train fifteen minutes so they could finish the game.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Snead have located in Artemus and the Doctor has opened an office in the Harbin building. We are glad to welcome these people to our little town and wish them much success.

W. B. Starke returned from a business trip to Louisville Friday.

Messrs. Myers, Whittaker, Nelson, Lyons, White and Woodward were among the Knights of the Grip rallying on our merchants last week.

H. H. Owens and children motored over from Barbourville and spent Sunday with his father, A. H. Owens.

After defeating Artemus Saturday before last to the tune of 20 to 8, the boys from Trooper came over last Saturday with the intention of making our boys ashamed that the mere mention of the word "baseball" would make them as sick as the boy who took his first chew. However, that was not accomplished and our boys defeated Trooper to the tune of 12 to 3. Although the score ran up, the game was not lacking in interest as there was always something doing to keep the fans deeply interested. Jim Dickson pitched for Artemus and held the visitors at his mercy at all stages of the game. "Pop-Up" Bill Dickson was present with the big stick on several occasions, much to the disgust of the Trooper fans. It seemed that every time Artemus got two or three men on bases, Old Bill would come in with a little "pop-up" that would simply run the legs off of the opposing fielders. Big Bill, with his little "pop-ups" secured two triples and three doubles, stealing home once while Trooper's catcher was masticating the fabric with the Umps.

J. W. Gibson returned from Muskogee, Okla., last Saturday and left Sunday for Blackwood, Va., where he has a lucrative position with the L & N R.R.

Guy Dickenson passed through our village Monday in his skeeter the "Red D" on his way from Pineville to Barbourville.

Fred Evans, of London, was a business visitor here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Marsee, A. B. Fortney, John M. Davis, and several others were in Barbourville Tuesday.

Messrs. W. R. Marsee, C. F. Raney, and G. W. Norman, of the Carter Coal Co. force passed through our village enroute to Barbourville Wednesday.

HAVE YOU WEAK LUNGS?

Do colds settle on your chest or in your bronchial tubes? Do coughs hang on, or are you subject to throat troubles? Such troubles should have immediate treatment with the strengthening powers of Scott's Emulsion to guard against consumption which so easily follows. Scott's Emulsion contains pure cod liver oil which peculiarly strengthens the respiratory tract and improves the quality of the blood; the glycerine in it soothes and heals the tender membranes of the throat. Scott's is prescribed by the best specialists. You can get it at any drug store. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

Listen, YOU AUTO OWNER!

How good is a guarantee?
JUST AS GOOD AS THE MAN
BACK OF IT AND NO BETTER.

After trying several Machinists we have found one that we are willing to guarantee. We want your patronage. If our service is not just what YOU want, it will cost you nothing—You take no risk—You can't lose if you deal with us.

We carry a full line of Tires and all accessories for YOUR machine.

We are able and anxious to make good all our promises. Make us prove this to you.

Logan & Archer.

Opening of Pictorial Review Patterns

10 and 15 cents—None Higher
So many requests have been received during the past from the patrons of our store for



PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS

that, after thorough investigation of their merits, we have decided to sell Pictorial Review Patterns from now on in our establishment.

Wide, Short Voluminous and Bouffant Skirts
Overskirts of Billowy Fullness
Smocked Skirts
Jaunty Sports Coats with Novel Pockets, Belts and Collars
New Shirred Jackets
Cape Dresses and Blouses
New Draped Jumpers
New Smocks and Middy Blouses
for Serge, Garbardin, Taffeta Faille, Crêpe de Chine, Charmeuse and Poplin are the latest notes in Summer Fashions.

JUNE PATTERNS

Are on Sale Now

also the
SUMMER FASHION BOOK
OF
Pictorial Review Patterns.

We recommend to all women who are not yet acquainted with the superior merits of these patterns to try one—JUST ONE. It will convince them that Pictorial Review Patterns fully deserve the reputation they are enjoying all over the country.

E. T. ENGLAND & COMPANY

NINETY PERCENT OF THE FAILURES IN BUSINESS ARE DUE TO POOR BOOK-KEEPING

Why not keep your books so you will know what you are doing instead of having to guess? You can keep them right if you use McNeal's System of Book-keeping. Have it explained to you and be convinced.

Have your books audited; Financial, Trading and Profit and Loss Statements made, and accounts closed by an accountant. New books opened to suit your business.

W. E. McNEAL, Instructor Commercial Department
Cumberland College, Williamsburg, Ky.

J. A. McDERMOTT & CO. CAN SAVE YOU MONEY

On Barbed Wire, Woven Wire Fencing,
Paints, Roofing of every description,
Lehigh Portland Cement.

Don't Buy Until You Get Their Prices.



This Free Paint Book

"How and How to Paint Them"

Will be very helpful to you and your Painter

Contains beautiful illustrations of attractively painted homes, shows floor plans, gives specifications how to select the right colors, also information for painting roofs, barns, buggies, wagons, implements, refinishing woodwork and floors, decorating walls. This valuable Paint Booklet tells all about the merits of

MASTIC PAINT

"The Kind That Lasts"

This old reliable paint protects and beautifies your property and enhances its value. It is just Pure White Lead, Zinc Oxide, and Genuine Linseed Oil, in the correct proportions, which make it the best and most economical paint to use.

There's A Pee Gee Finish For Every Purpose

Pee Gee Creosote for Shingle Roofs, Pee Gee Carriage and Wagon and Implement Paint, Pee Gee Adamant Floor Paint, and other popular Pee Gee Paints and Varnishes.

Ask For Free Color Cards

Croley Hdw. & Gro. Company
Barbourville, Ky.

If you have anything to sell and wish to tell the people of Knox County about it, advertise in The Mountain Advocate.

Farming

At the present time the American population is about equally divided, one half living in the city and the other half living in the country, where as a hundred years ago, about nine tenths of the people resided in the country. They have kept up a steady drift city-ward.

This raises the questions, Will this continue? If so what will become of the farms and what will people do for the farm productions?

This is a day of progress and inventions and most probably in the afternoon as far as inventions are concerned, for have we not every thing needed from a pacifier to a thirty inch siege gun? Manufacturing commerce, mining and innumerable other industries have furnished new employment and opportunities for the rural folks and no one can blame them for grasping them.

Progress has also reached the farms and intensive farming is carried on to some extent by men of brains and men of means and on scientific plans.

After all, there is no life more conducive to length of days, than the farm life.

It is also an independent life. It is a school of wisdom and creates and nourishes high moral character and has every thing in its favor for it is nature's stronghold.

There we find a charming freshness, an inviting simplicity and perfect repose.

THE FARM RAG

Like the prelude of the wind Before the storm and rain,

The farm spirit rises, When its season comes again.

As the noise and the rustle when the torrent falls,

So is the stir and the hustle when the great farmer calls—

Come on Bill, and get your hoe! Come on Bill, to the field we'll go.

Every thing is ready, The crop is growing fine, Hold your horses steady For the sun is going to shine.

J-J-Johy let the draw-bars down, No time to laugh, nor to frown.

The crab grass is growing, The horse weed is high, Now just set the gooseneck going Now just make the rattle-weed fly.

There's lots of audacity In the crows "Caw! Caw!" There's the poetry of nature In the ploughmans, "Haw—ah" There's a world of harmony, In the plantation song, And the heart filled with rapture When the farm moves along.

SALLIE LYTTLE HATTON.
1916.

Anchor News

Superintendent W. W. Dalton was on the sick list Saturday, he is better now and able to assume his duties.

R. F. Peirce, the Store Mgr. returned last Friday from his home town Trout Dale, where he was called to the bed side of a very sick sister, and reports her slightly better.

Otto Hemphill, our popular Commissary clerk spent Sunday with home folks near Barbourville.

J. B. Rogers of Barbourville was calling on friends here Monday, and at the same time giving some business matters his attention.

J. W. White, representing W. T. Sistruck & Co. of Lexington was here Tuesday with a smile on his face as usual.

"Sudden pain from over-strain"

Every Housewife or Mother is ever under that Nervous Strain which so often results in Headaches, Dizzy Sensations, Faintness, Depression and other Nervous Disorders.



Dr. Miles' NERVEINE

is Highly Recommended in Such Cases.

IF FIRST BOTTLE FAILS TO BENEFIT, YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

BADLY RUN DOWN.
"I had become greatly run down and my nerves were in terrible condition. I had frequent headaches and became very weak and was unable to do anything. I bought a bottle of Dr. Miles' Nerveine. I soon began to feel better, my nerves were quieted. I recovered my strength, and have since recommended Dr. Miles' Nerveine to many of my friends who have used it with satisfactory results."
MRS. FRANCES WHITLOCK,
179 Broadway, Schenectady, N. Y.

W. B. Myers, representing the Jellico Gro. Co., was calling on trade here Monday.

Mr. Cnas. Smith, has accepted a position with the R. C. Tway Mining Co. as Store manager. We all welcome Mr. Smith, and hope that his stay will prove to be a pleasant, as well as profitable one to him and his family, while in Anchor.

Sim Hampton seems to be off duty from the Tway Commissary for the last few days.

WARNING-DANGER

All persons are hereby warned, that any wire, either telephone or electric light wire, which may

streets, walks or anywhere within the city of Barbourville, is become broken, and fall into the dangerous. We caution all persons not to touch or come in contact with any such wires, but if any are found, notify the Barbourville Electric Light Heat & Power Co. at once.—Barbourville Electric Light Heat & Power Co. By A. D. Smith, Gen. Mgr.

For Sale

I have for sale at once, one house and lot in North Barbourville. The house has six rooms. The lot is 135 feet front and 210 feet deep; has a street on front and rear, with alley on north side. If you want a good home cheap call on or address

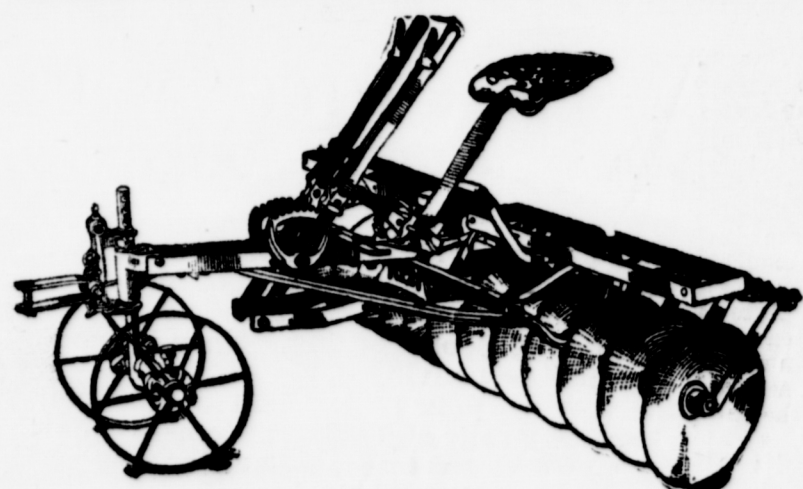
THE ADVOCATE,
Barbourville, Ky.

J. F. RASNICK

W. M. MITCHELL

We have bought out the firm of T. J. Vermillion & Son and will remain at the old stand. There has been a big advance on Farming Implements and wagons. We have a car load of Syracuse Plows and two car loads Old Hickory Wagons bought at the old price and we are going to give our customers the advantage of this price. These will not last long.

You had better come early if you want to take advantage of the old price.



Disc Harrow.

We are going to make the year of 1916 better than ever to the purchasers of

OLD HICKORY WAGONS
AND SYRACUSE
HAND & RIDING PLOWS

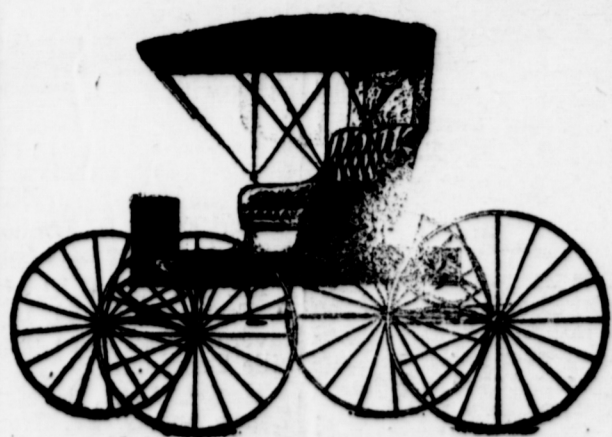
By selling to them, this Spring
Old Hickory Wagons & Syracuse Hand Plows
at about actual Cost.



We handle in connection with our wagons and plows a general line of implements, such as,

Disc Harrows, Hay Rakes,
Mowing Machines, Sulky Plows
and Buggies.

We carry a complete line of repairs for all implements we sell.



If you need a plow or a wagon now is the time to buy. You may never have another opportunity to purchase at the price we are going to sell these carloads.

We invite you to visit our place before purchasing elsewhere. You will find our goods the best that can be obtained at the least cost.

We Handle the best Flour, Hay, Grain and Feed in Car Load Lots.

Opposite L. & N. Depot.

J. F. RASNICK & CO.

Call or Phone No. 17.

Barbourville

Kentucky